

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## Alice the Vamp.

By H. LOUIS RAYHOLD.  
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"WELL, thank goodness, this is the last vacation we'll have to worry about Tom," and Tom's sister Julia folded her hands in her lap. "Next year he will be working."

"I suppose so," said her mother regretfully. True, one did wonder what Tom would be up to next whenever he was home, but it was pleasant having him around the house, telling stories about his college life, picking out, with one finger, the latest, popular hits on the piano, denuding the pantry shelves of everything edible.

Whenever Tom came home to Whitneville, things simply hummed. His freshman year he had decided to paint the barn, and paint it he did after nearly killing himself by a fall from the rigging and failing to match the north side with the south side as to color.

His sophomore year he had brought home a classmate with him and what with straw rides, picnics and porch parties Whitneville developed almost enough of a social calendar to fill a Sunday society column.

Last year—well, last year his ambition had been greater. He had fallen in love with and wanted to marry on the spot a girl in the next town, a young slip of a thing with brown eyes and golden hair and a dimple in her chin who answered to the name of Elise Carrington.

Somehow or other between them, his mother and sister had managed to nip this absurdly youthful romance as it seemed to them, in the bud, and Tom had returned to college a sadder, wiser, but unmarried man. Sadder because of temporarily thwarted plans, wiser because—well, just wiser, we'll say.

"What form would his activities take this year?"

"I hope the 'vamp' doesn't try for him," said Julia bitterly, thereby voicing the very fear in her mother's mind. And both of them knew that if Tom Branford did not succumb to Alice Haynes' vampishness it would be because he had more strength of character than the rest of the Whitneville youth or else because he was irrevocably attached to another.

Alice Haynes was not exactly a newcomer to Whitneville. She was an old-timer who had gone away to study art and had come back in a new character. That is, she returned an artist—of sorts. She dressed like one, in stenciled smocks, talked the lingo, and lived in a studio.

Yes, she had taken over old man Woodbridge's barn replaced the horse stall partitions with beaver board, hung the walls with rep instead of harness, and imported by truck from New York a collection of rugs, samplers, easels and ash trays which would have done credit to a locality where such things were better appreciated.

Once settled, she began to entertain—sister artists over week-ends, a musical comedy star, a Russian violinist and his literary wife—in short, so many people that Whitneville soon lost track of their numerous comings and goings.

Gradually, however, the young men of the town managed an introduction to her, then dropped in to call, and finally got the habit of going often. One day some facetious town wit spoke of her as the vamp, and from that moment her stock dropped below par with the women folks.

The epithet may or may not have been true. What was indubitably true, however, was the fact that former popular young women were now forced to sit of a Sunday afternoon on their lonely verandas twirling their thumbs and wondering who invented vamps, anyway.

Into this disturbed social atmosphere dropped Tom Branford, now a graduate and his own master, with a promising job at his disposal the first of September. And he had not been in Whitneville a week before in spite of the efforts of his mother and Julia, he had not only discovered the vamp but had become one of the most regular frequenters of the studio.

"He's lost his appetite!" lamented Mrs. Bradford one morning, viewing the array of cup custards prepared to tempt it back again.

"More likely he's fed up with Russian tea and Dutch cheeses and— and— and—," said Julia shortly. "What he can see in that woman!"

"I wish we had not put our foot down so strongly about Miss Carrington," ventured her mother. "I didn't really object to her. It was just that Tom was so young." To Mrs. Bradford the visions of last year, which at the time seemed so dreadful—visions of Tom marrying a young slip of a thing and setting up an establishment of his own—now appeared altogether heavenly beside pictures of Tom lounging in the society of long-haired poets and drinking tea poured by the hands of short-haired women.

"I have an idea," began Julia slowly, "if it isn't too late. Let's tell Tom that we have changed our minds about thinking he was too young to be married, and suggest that he invite Miss Carrington here for a visit. She wouldn't come unless they were engaged, and if he still cares he might persuade her to be engaged—and there's an end to Alice the Vamp."

Mrs. Bradford looked hopeful. Then an expression of doubt clouded her face. Would Tom haunt the home of one girl if still in love with another? "If only it isn't too late," she breathed.

That night when Tom sneaked in, some time nearer 12 than 11, he found to his surprise both his mother and his sister awaiting his return. Usually the task of "sitting up" for Tom was assumed by them alternately. It was a form of attention, moreover, which grossly annoyed Tom, who had no desire to be sat up for like a young high school girl.

But tonight his face wore an expression of such radiant happiness that nothing could have chilled it. "Mother—Julia!" he cried. "Congratulations! She has said 'Yes'!"

The hearts of the two women congealed within them. Too late! Too late! "I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy!" Julia rose to the occasion with proper, if mild, politeness. "I do, too, dear," faltered his mother. "Although I had hoped—Elise Carrington, you know." "Well, oh—things!" Tom brought out the words with staccato emphasis. "I thought—last summer—but never mind now—only if I had known!" He swung an arm around each of the two women. "You dear old things! That's who it is, you know—Elise!"

The following afternoon in the pleasant Branford living room two chairs drawn close together and four feet on the fender gave indications that Tom had brought his wife-to-be home for a little visit.

"And I thought your mother and sister didn't like me," Elise was saying. "Otherwise I would never have consented to having you see me secretly at Cousin Alice's."

"Well, you were both wrong," said

## Spice of Life in Variety of Summer Hats—Turned Up, Straight or Drooping, All Sizes and Materials



Above, Cleo Mayfield and Martha Pierre; centre, Regina Wallace; an "Irene" hat at the right, below.

BY CORA MOORE,  
New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, June 15.—If variety is really the spice of life as we are told it is, then the hats of 1920 are calculated to contribute to it a good bit of high seasoning, especially the hats designed for summer.

To begin with, there are large ones, small ones and medium. The large ones are huge things with pot-shaped or mound-shaped crowns, and with very stiff or very floppy brims. The new large hats which Paris has suddenly ordered into fashion again are wonderful creations, made not only of straw but also of various fabrics and strange combinations such as lace or chiffon and duvetyne, horsehair and ribbon, velvet with tulle.

Possesses Personality.  
The small hats are very small, but

oftentimes with unproportionately high crowns, and the medium ones are distinctly medium, but with much more personality to them than medium hats usually possess, as witness the one Martha Pierre wears in the Zeigfeld Polities of 1920.

In tuncful "Irene" at the Vanderbilt Theater among many smart hats is the one illustrated of white tulle and lace. The hat itself turns up abruptly, diagonally across the face with a straggling cluster of forget-me-nots drooping from the point thus made at the right side.

The crown of it is of soft white lace draped a bit and wound with flowers, and the brim is first faced with several layers of the tulle then its widest edge softened by the frilling of plaited tulle.

Then there is Cleo Mayfield's smart

Phipps hat of soufflé hemp that she wears in "Look Who's Here," and there is Regina Wallace's wobbly-brimmed, uncurled ostrich-trimmed straw to be seen in "The Outlaw Board"—each a "personality" hat, and the personality is not alone in the respective wearers, either; it's in the hat, too.

Just incidentally, hats, especially the large ones, are worn jammed well down on the head though usually quite straight instead of at the coquettish angle of other seasons.

CONFESSIONS  
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

I hadn't seen Ann since she had announced to me from the table under the pergola that she had sent Bob to find me talking to Ives. I didn't care to see Ann. I felt that I couldn't be nice to her while Bob and I were quarreling. And so when I heard her voice in my upper hall I was disagreeably surprised.

Ann had come in by the side door unannounced. Informally is her pet habit. It is not mine. I can't think of anybody except Bob and his mother to whom I could give the run of the house. Ann assumed that she had the privilege. Was her assurance only another symptom of her "innocence" I wondered as I said "good morning" to her.

"I'll be your neighbor, tomorrow, if the servants arrive," Ann explained. "The last of my things are going into the house now. Come over and see how they look!"

I went. I had no excuse for refusing.

Ann had selected some of the new glazed cretonne for her slipcovers. The men were adjusting them. It was the final touch to the house. The cretonne had a gorgeous yellow background and spangled over it were all the colors of the rainbow, in huge bunches of gay blossoms. It hurt my eyes.

"So that's your 'aura,' Ann Lormer?" I laughed.

"I guess so. Anyway, I feel awfully gay and happy with these bright things around me."

"They must be all right, then," I admitted.

"I simply love yellow!" Ann went on. "Why, I've just bought a bathing suit of yellow silk!"

"My goodness! Is it pretty? Let me see it!" I demanded. So up to Ann's own suite we went. The rooms were charming, but too much ruffled and frilled to please me. Even the window curtains were flounced from hem to lambrequin. A brand new idea and an expensive one. Those flounced silk curtains had cost \$100 a window. I preferred scrim. It did not keep out the air.

While I regarded those marvelous hangings, and admitted the charm of their novelty, Ann pulled a box from a dresser drawer and opened it.

Her new yellow bathing suit was of glazed satin, a material made especially for beach wear. Fortunately, Ann had avoided a violent contrast in trimming of the suit. She is such a wee thing that I decided she would look, in that costume, like a stray sunbeam dancing on the sand.

I commented the suit, like the curtains, for its novelty and replaced it in its box in the drawer. Beside the box was a queer article to discover in a girl's chest of drawers. It was an automatic—officer's regulation side-arm.

"What have you got that thing around for?" I asked.

"That's mother's," Ann replied. "One of her movie properties. I'm so tiny, you know, that she has always been afraid I'd be kidnaped. She used to be afraid to leave me alone at

home. So she gave me this. Oh, yes, I can use it. Jim taught me."

Ann dropped the gun rather carelessly into the box containing her bathing suit.

"Is it loaded?"

"Sure it is—now that Jimmy has given me so much valuable jewelry." Not having any comment to make, I turned to go home.

"I'm going with 'you,' said Ann. 'My phone hasn't been installed yet. May I use yours?'"

Of course she could. Back to my house we went.

"The phone is in the alcove—under the stairs," I told her and I proceeded to my room to put away my hat. I brushed my hair, powdered my nose, and heard Ann's voice getting sharp and high as she remonstrated with the operator about "wrong number." I was sorry. I hated to have Ann nag the operator.

She was still at it when I reached the hall landing, but as I descended the stairs her voice became soft and sweet.

"White Point?" I heard her say. "In an hour? All right!"

She rang off abruptly. As she emerged from the alcove I saw that her cheeks were pink with excitement.

The French army has adopted for its airplanes a silencer, which not only reduces the noise, but prevents fire from the explosion of gasoline when the exhaust pipe is overheated.

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Quality

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

## An Argument.

"What's your name?" inquired Nancy timidly to the stranger who had recently arrived in Scrub-Up Land.

"Queen Avis," returned the other promptly, and Nancy was ever so relieved to learn that she wasn't Mrs. Bee, as she had feared. But the little girl couldn't help wishing that Queen Avis, didn't look so much like Mrs. Bee. She had always been horribly afraid of her.

Nick was just about to ask her what she wanted when he remembered the lecture she had given him on manners, so he put it this way. "How can we serve you, your majesty?" And he made a low bow.

"I came for two things!" answered the little lady. "First, I wish my velvet and gold cloak thoroughly dusted, and second, I want you to put



an extra lot of honey into the flower, where you send them to the Land-Where-Spring-is-Coming. And do hurry with the clover and honey-suckle. I never was so hungry."

"Why like the very same things the bees like," said Nancy in a puzzled voice. "It's very curious! You look so much like them, too!"

"Look like them," retorted Queen Avis. "Why shouldn't I? Which was a most mixing answer, because it didn't tell you anything at all."

"And put in plenty of pollen-flour!" urged Queen Avis, as Nick was brushing her with the very best whisk broom Rubadub owned.

"You mean flower pollen, don't you?" corrected Nick. "The yellow powder in the flowers."

"No, I mean what I say," snapped Queen Avis. "Pollen-flour!"

"Flower-pollen," said Nick, sure was right.

"Ridiculous! Pollen-flour!" insisted the other. "The fairies and bees make bread of it to feed their babies."

"Both right!" declared Rubadub coming in just then. And he explained how it was.

water over eggs, shell and cut in cubes. Melt butter, stir in flour, slowly add milk. Season. When boiling remove from fire and stir eggs beaten light. Add cubes of egg. Turn onto a buttered plate and let cool. When cool mold into balls, roll in sifted bread crumbs, dip in egg beaten

with 2 tablespoons milk, roll again in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Serve in a mold of spinach, chopped fine and dressed with salt, pepper and butter.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(NO WONDER HE COULDN'T FIND IT!)—BY ALLMAN.

